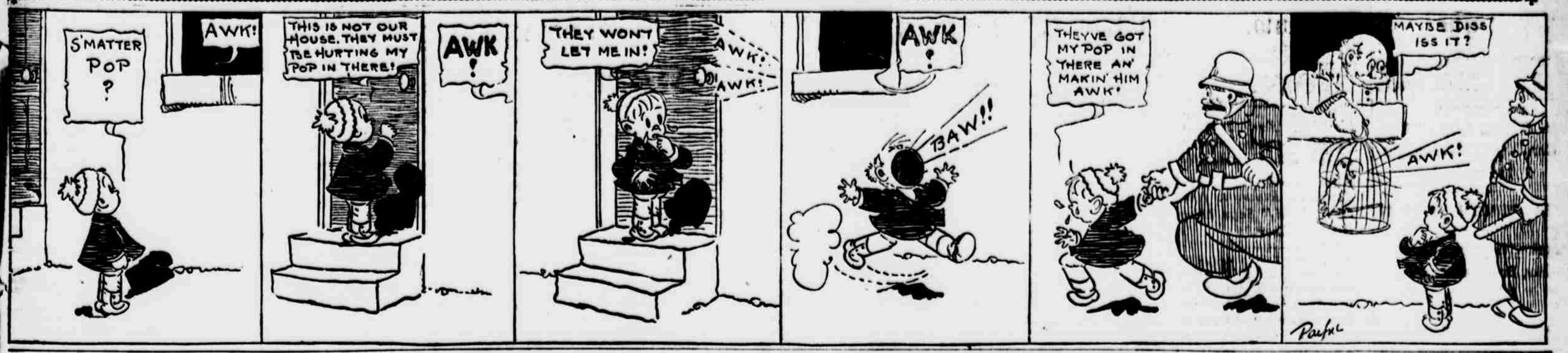
"S'Matter, Pop?" — By C. M. Payne



The New Plays

May Irwin Makes Thin Play Seem Almost Plump.

BY CHARLES DARNTON.

THERE is so much of May Irwin that we ought, perhaps, to be satisfied with very little play. One of these days she may dramatize her cook book and give us a full meal. Meanwhile we must make the most of her embonpoint, not overlooking the entente cordiale that she establishes the moment she looms upon the scene.

Last night at Cohan's Theatre Miss Irwin made a painfully thin play, "Widow by Proxy," seem almost plump. She was a poor singing teacher with hardly enough to keep body and voice together. The butcher had forsaken her and the delicatessen man refused to deliver anything but his ultimatum. At the same time her voice was strong enough to break through a wooden door, and when she followed it there was nothing in her appearance to suggest slow starvation. Even if the food supply were cut off for a month or two she would survive—we felt sure of it. But it was apparent that her friend and companion, a pining widow, didn't have so much to fall back upon.

The only alarming sign of weakness, however, was that betrayed by Catherine Chisholm Cushing's underfed play. It certainly would not have been able to stand alone. Realizing its need of help, Miss Irwin started right in to brace it up. She sang some of her lines and danced others. The rest of the time she talked. She talked a dressmaker out of the house and then talked her friend Dolores into letting her be a widow long enough to got out and bring home a legacy. Dolores was so "down" on her lamented husband's New England relatives that she wouldn't go to them and get what was coming to her.

May Irwin as Gloria Grey.

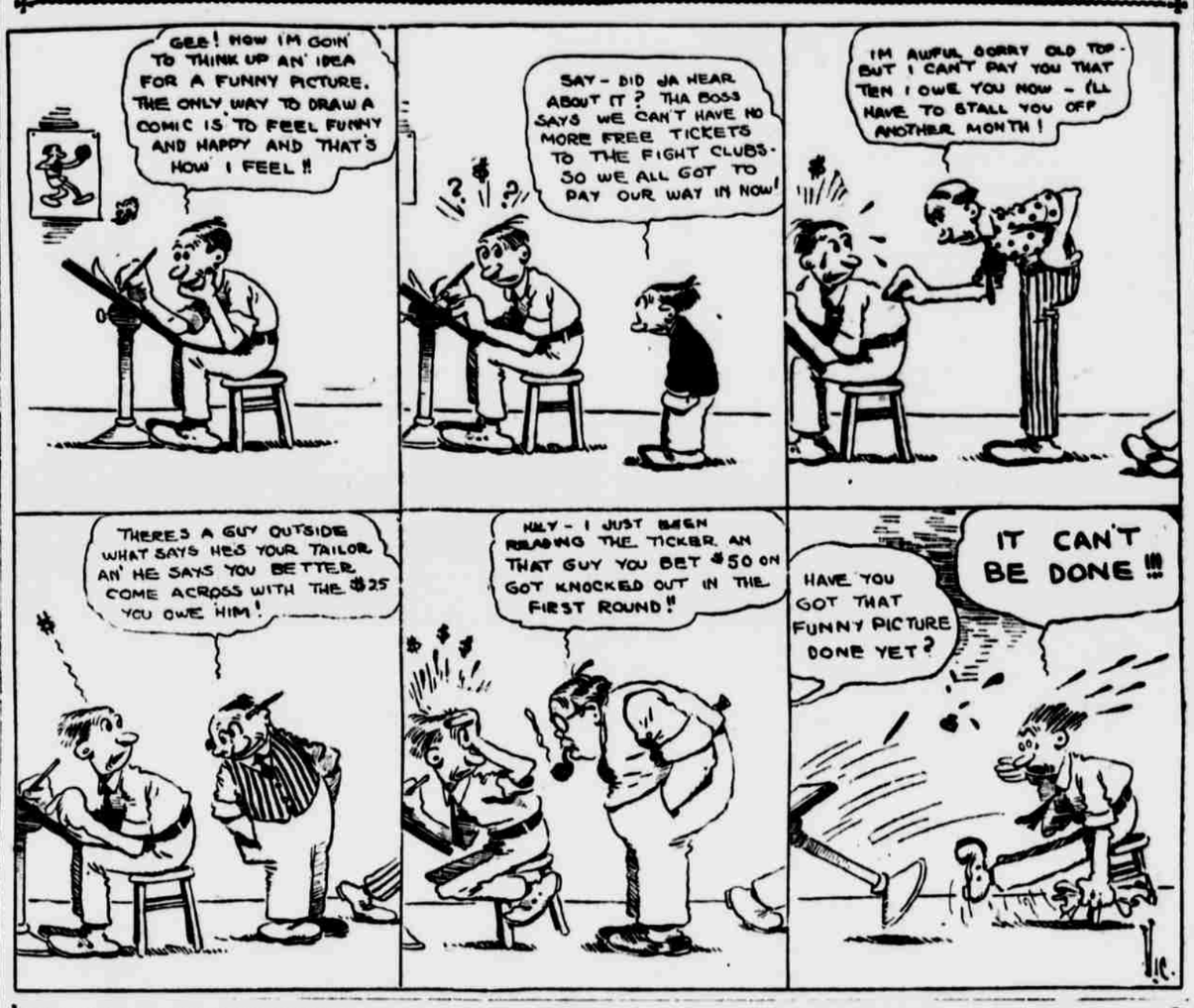
It took Miss Irwin only a moment to wind up the mechanical plot. The next moment she was pouring tea for Capt. Pennington, who melted before her like the sugar in his cup. After looking into her eyes he told his lawyer to give her not only her $5,000 but his as well. If she had known this she would probably have gone right on giving tea parties, for a $5,000 cup of tea is not to be sniffed at, especially when there's no extra charge for bread and butter.

But as soon as she could gather a few becoming widow's weeds Miss Irwin set out to brave the terrors of Massachusetts and Capt. Pennington's two spinster sisters. The strange part of it was that the dressmaker still pursued her. We could hardly believe the play when she was introduced as a marquise, much less our ears when she made dressmaker's French serve as comedy. These little touches made it quite clear that writing a play is a very simple matter. Yet it must be confessed they were rather trying.

Miss Irwin gave herself and us a rest by sitting down at a piano and enlivening the occasion with two or three little songs. Her voice was in good working order and her touch was as light as—she isn't. Incidentally, she proved that she knows her way about a piano. The only thing that bothered her was Capt. Pennington's reputation for dealing severely with deceitful women. He had dropped a fair but false divorcee almost at the altar because she had told him a lie. So what would he think of a fake widow? Miss Irwin cried in her utterly heart-breaking manner. Her grief filled one with longing to see her play Camille in a raincoat. It overwhelmed her when the man for whom she had worn crepe in the middle of summer turned up alive and well. Lynn Pratt made him such an odd fish that we rather wondered at Miss Clara Blondieck's joy over his return. Orlando Daly played Capt. Pennington very well and did his best to take Miss Irwin in his arms when that happy moment arrived.

"Widow by Proxy" owed everything to May Irwin. She worked hard for the poor little play and won a legacy of laughter.

It Can't Be Done! — By Vic



Tarzan of the Apes — *Not Like Any Story That You Have Read* — By Edgar Rice Burroughs

(Copyright, 1912, by Frank A. Munsey Co.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Tarzan is the son of Lord and Lady Greystoke, who were marooned in the African jungle and who died in their only child's infancy. Tarzan, ignorant of his parentage, is brought up by an ape tribe and acquires tremendous strength. Prof. Porter, who is in search of a treasure chest, lands on the coast near Tarzan's cabin, accompanied by his daughter Jane and Cecil Clayton (Tarzan's cousin), who is a suitor for Jane's hand. Jane is rescued from death by Tarzan. He and she fall in love with each other. Tarzan saves the life of Lieut. d'Arnot, a Frenchman. In his absence Porter and the others of his party sail for America. Tarzan secures the lost treasure chest and, accompanied by D'Arnot, goes to Paris. There, by means of finger prints, he gets the first inkling of his parentage. Meantime, in America, Jane is annoyed by the unwelcome attentions of a rich man named Canler, who is the professor's creditor. To save her father's home she agrees to marry Canler.

CHAPTER XXVII.

(Continued.)

In America.

ON the house Prof. Porter and Mr. Philander were immersed in an absorbing discussion of some weighty scientific problem. Esmeralda dozed in the kitchen and Clayton, heavy-eyed after a sleepless night, threw himself down upon the couch in the living room and soon dropped into a fitful slumber.

To the east the black smoke clouds rose higher into the heavens. Suddenly they eddied, and then commenced to drift rapidly toward the west.

On and on they came. The inmates of the tenant house were gone, for it was market day, and none there was to see the rapid approach of the fire.

Soon the flames had spanned the road to the south and cut off Canler's return. A little fluctuation of the wind now carried the path of the forest fire to the north a little, then blew back and the flames nearly stood still as though held in leash by some master hand.

Suddenly, out of the northeast, a great black car came careening down the road.

With a jolt it stopped before the cottage and a black-haired giant leaped out and ran up onto the porch. Without a pause he rushed into the house. On the couch lay Clayton. The man started in surprise, but with a bound was at the side of the sleeping man.

Shaking him roughly by the shoulder, he cried:

"Are you all mad here? Don't you know you are nearly surrounded by fire? Where is Miss Porter?"

Clayton sprang to his feet. He did not recognize the man, but he understood the words, and was upon the verandа in a bound.

He cried out in consternation, then dashing back into the house, called: "Jane! Jane! Where are you!?"

In an instant Esmeralda, Professor Porter, and Mr. Philander had joined the two men.

"Where is Jane?" demanded Clayton, seizing Esmeralda by the shoulders and shaking her roughly.

"Oh, Gaberelle, Marse Clayton, she done gone for a walk."

"Hasn't she come back yet?"

And, without waiting for a reply, Clayton dashed out into the yard, followed by the others.

"Which way did she go?" cried the black-haired giant of Esmeralda.

"Down dat road," cried the frightened black, pointing toward the south where a mighty wall of roaring flames shut out the view.

"Put these people in the other car," shouted the stranger to Clayton. "I saw one as I drove up. Get them out of here by the north road.

"Leave my car here. If I find Miss Porter, we shall need it. If I don't, no one will need it. Do as I say," as Clayton hesitated.

They saw the lithe figure bound away across the clearing toward the northwest, where the forest still stood, untouched by flame.

In each rose the unaccountable feeling that a great responsibility had been raised from their shoulders—a kind of implicit confidence in the power of the stranger to save the girl if she could be saved.

"Who was that?" asked Professor Porter.

"I don't know," replied Clayton. "He called me by name and he knew Jane, for he asked for her. And he called Esmeralda by name."

"There was something most startlingly familiar about him," exclaimed Mr. Philander. "Yet, bless me, I know I never saw him before."

"Tut-tut," cried Prof. Porter. "Most remarkable. Who could it have been, and why do I feel that Jane is safe, now that he has set out in search of her?"

"I can't tell you, professor," said Clayton soberly," but I know I have the same uncanny feeling."

"But come," he cried, "we must get out of here ourselves, or we shall be shut off." And the party hastened toward Clayton's machine.

When Jane Porter turned to retrace her steps homeward, she was alarmed to note how near the smoke of the forest fire seemed, and, as she hastened onward, her alarm became almost a panic when she perceived that the rushing flames were rapidly forcing their way between herself and the cottage.

At length she was compelled to turn into the dense thicket and attempt to force her way to the west in an effort to circle around the flames and regain her home.

In a short time the futility of her attempt became apparent, and then her one hope lay in retracing her steps to the road and flying for her life to the south toward the town.

The twenty minutes that it took her to regain the road was all that had been needed to cut off her retreat as effectually as her advance had been cut off before.

A short run down the road brought her to a horrified stand, for there before her was another wall of flame. An arm of the parent conflagration had shot out a half mile south to embrace this tiny strip of road in its clutches.

Jane Porter knew that it was useless to attempt to force her way again through the undergrowth.

She had tried it once and failed. Now she realized that it would be but a matter of minutes ere the whole space between the enemy on the north and the enemy on the south would be a seething mass of flames.

Calmly the girl kneeled down in the dust of the roadway and prayed for strength to meet her fate bravely, and to deliver her father and her friends from death. She did not think to pray for deliverance for herself, she knew there was no hope.

Suddenly she heard her name being called aloud through the forest:

"Jane! Jane Porter!" it rang strong and clear but in a strange voice.

"Here!" she called in reply. "Here! In the roadway!"

Then through the branches of the trees she saw a figure swinging.

A veering of the wind blew a cloud of smoke about them and she could no longer see the man who was speeding toward her, but suddenly she felt a great arm about her. Then she was lifted up, and she felt the rushing of the wind and the occasional brush of a branch as she was borne along.

She opened her eyes.

Far below her lay the undergrowth and the hard earth.

About her was the waving foliage of the forest.

From tree to tree swung the giant figure which bore her, and it seemed to Jane Porter that she was living over in a dream the experience that had been hers in that far African jungle.

She stole a sudden glance at the face close to her, and then she gave a little frightened gasp—it was he!

"My man!" she murmured. "No, it is the delirium which precedes death."

She must have spoken aloud, for the eyes that bent occasionally to hers lighted with a smile.

"Yes, your man, Jane Porter. Your savage, primeval man come out of the jungle to claim his mate—the woman who ran away from him," he added almost fiercely.

"I did not run away," she whispered. "I would only consent to leave when they had waited a week for you to return."

They had come to a point beyond the fire now, and he had turned back to the clearing.

Side by side they were walking toward the cottage. The wind had changed once more and the fire was burning back upon itself—another hour like that and it would be burned out.

"Why did you not return?" she asked.

"I was nursing D'Arnot. He was badly wounded."

"Ah, I knew it!" she exclaimed.

"They said you had gone to join the blacks—that they were your people."

He laughed.

"But you did not believe them?"

"No—what shall I call you?" she asked. "What a your name?"

"I was Tarzan of the apes when you first knew me," he said.

"Tarzan of the apes!" she cried. "And that was your note I answered when I left?"

"Yes, whose did you think it was?"

"I did get know. Only that it could not be yours, for Tarzan of the apes had written in English, and you could not understand a word of any language."

Again he laughed.

"It is a long story, but it was I who wrote what I could not speak. And now D'Arnot has made matters worse by teaching me to speak French instead of English."

"Come," he added, "jump into my car; we must overtake your father. They are only a little way ahead."

As they drove along, he said:

"Then when you said in your note to Tarzan of the apes that you loved another—you might have meant me?"

"I might have," she said simply.

"But in Baltimore—oh, how I have searched for you—they told me you would possibly be married by now. That a man named Canler had come up here to wed you. Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Do you love him?"

"No."

"Do you love me?"

She buried her face in her hands.

"I am promised to another. I cannot answer you, Tarzan of the apes," she cried.

"You have answered. Now, tell me why you would marry one you do not love."

"My father owes him money."

Suddenly there came back to Tarzan the memory of the letter he had read—and the name of Robert Canler and the hinted trouble which he had been unable to understand then.

He smiled.

"If your father had not lost the treasure you would not feel forced to keep your promise to this man Canler?"

"I could ask him to release me."

"And if he refused?"

"I have given my promise."

He was silent for a moment. The car was plunging along the uneven road at a reckless pace, for the fire showed threateningly at their right, and another change of the wind might sweep it on with raging fury across this one avenue of escape.

Finally they passed the danger-point, and Tarzan reduced their speed.

"Suppose I should ask him?" ventured Tarzan.

"He would scarcely accede to the demand of a stranger," said the girl. "Especially one who wanted me himself."

"Terkoz did," said Tarzan grimly.

Jane Porter shuddered and looked fearfully up at the gigant figure beside her, for she knew he meant the great anthropoid he had killed in her defense.

"This is not an African jungle," she said. "You are no longer a savage beast. You are a gentleman, and gentlemen do not kill in cold blood."

"I am still a wild beast at heart," he said in a low voice, as though to himself.

Again they were silent for a time.

"Jane Porter," said the man at length, "if you were free, would you marry me?"

She did not reply at once, but he waited patiently.

The girl was trying to collect her thoughts.

What did she know of this strange creature at her side? What did he know of himself? Who was he? Who were his parents?

Why his very name echoed his mysterious origin and his savage life.

(To Be Continued.)

As to "Spare the Rod and Spoil the Child."

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

"UNDOUBTEDLY," said Principal John Doty of Public School No. 21, at Mott and Elizabeth streets "corporal punishment is a necessity in the schools of our city. There are complaints from teachers all over the city who deplore the fact that we have no sort of punishment for unruly pupils. I wouldn't say that the growing number of young thugs, criminals and hoodlums are the direct result of this non-punishment rule of our city schools, but I do believe that it is a contributory cause of this youthful lawlessness of which we hear and see so much."

SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

In like manner, with some modifications, opinions are given somewhat in favor of corporal punishment by Dr. John Tildsley, Principal of De Witt Clinton High School, Justice Mayo of the Children's Court and many others.

The wisdom of creating corporal punishment in dealing with young miscreants must indeed be taken with precaution, since it is a system emanating from the past which has been ABOLISHED as civilization has ADVANCED.

While there is the UNUSUAL child who may perhaps be reached only by the FEAR of punishment, it is not the AVERAGE. And all rules and laws must be made for the average and not the exception. The exception must be dealt with, in patience.

It is a well known fact that in the past, when corporal punishment was the rule rather than the EXCEPTION, many a whipping was administered by a teacher in a mood that was provoked by bad behavior or under a temperamental strain that perhaps could not be avoided by that teacher. For the instructor is but human.

And, while many teachers undoubtedly are severely tried every day in disciplining young America, especially in the large city where freedom is the keynote of existence—if given power to punish physically, one might avail himself of this power at moments of exasperation when he would not do it if he took time for CONSIDERATION or was not granted the AUTHORITY.

There are many ways and means of reaching the young, OTHER than by corporal punishment. There seemingly is nothing that causes such feeling of resentment to a parent as the administration of physical punishment on a child, inflicted by a so-called "outsider."

While the work of the teacher should be AIDED in every direction by parent and layman (for the teacher has much to do with the molding of the young citizen), yet to create a general rule whereby that teacher may JUDGE the need of inflicting physical pain is a grave question that should not be decided without co-operation from the parents themselves.

While, for some children, the sparing of the rod perchance SPOILS the child, there are many other WAYS that need not be spared in IMPRESSING the wee one as to what he should or should not do. When kindness, reason, reward, ALL fail, there may be some need for the rod; but this should be considered, if at all, as the acme of punishment in the EXCEPTIONAL case, and fully agreed upon by more than the teacher himself as the ONE means in the particular case at hand.

If corporal punishment is made a general thing, there will always be contention between parent and teacher as to the justice thereof. And for the good of ALL concerned contentions should certainly not exist.

The Day's Good Stories

On the Warpath.

"GOOD afternoon, Johnny!" said the nice young lady visiting his mother's house in the sweet cause of charity. "Why don't you come to our Sunday school? A lot of your little friends have joined, and we are going to have a lovely party at Christmas."

Johnny shook his head. Then he suddenly exclaimed:

"Has a boy called Johnson, with red hair, joined yet?"

"Yes, dear," said the nice young lady; "and he seems to like it. He's such a good little boy!"

"Huh is he?" muttered Johnny. "Well, if he's there I'll come, too. I've been looking for him for three months, and never knew where to find him before."—Chicago Journal.

The Right Shop.

MRS. NEWLY WEDD—Is this the taxidermist?

Man on the Telephone—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. N. Wedd—You stuff birds, don't you?

Man—We sure do, ma'am.

Mrs. N. Wedd—Well, how much would you charge to come up here and stuff the turkey we're going to have for Thanksgiving dinner? I myself don't know how.—Woman's Home Companion.

Nothing Doing.

UPTON SINCLAIR, at a vegetarian banquet in Philadelphia, talked about the "fast cure" that he has done so much to popularize.

"I heard a story recently," he said, "that illustrates the strong hold which fasting has taken on the public mind.

"A beggar stopped a man and said:

"'Excuse me, sir, but nothing solid has passed my lips for eight days.'

"'Eight days!' said the other. 'Excellent! Let me congratulate you on the success of your interesting fast. It must be a great saving to you, and I assure you you're looking the picture of health.'"—Philadelphia North American.

Hardly Presentable.

A GREATLY disheveled bargain hunter approached a small cigar stand which she mistook for a street railway station and inquired of a clerk:

"Can I go to Niles this way?"

"Well, you can all right," replied the clerk, "but if I were in your place I'd fix up a bit."—Youngstown Telegram.

How Times Have Changed.

MISS MARY DONNELLY, the suffragist, said at the suffrage lunch rooms:

"I was walking the other week in the country in Long Island. The sky was blue. The crystal air was pure and frosty. The trees were painted with autumnal colors—gold and pink and raw red. How beautiful it was!

"In a meadow a half dozen young women were practising putting. They looked very smart in their trim golf suits, their skirts of rough homespun and their scarlet jackets. As I watched them an old farmer and one of his farmhands approached.

"'Rose,' grumbled the farmhand, 'them girls in the meddler is scarin' our cows.'

"The old farmer shook his head and sighed.

"'Ah, Timothy,' he said, with profound truth, 'times is changed since I was young. In them days the cows scared the gals.'"—St. Paul Dispatch.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

"Chaperonage."

BETTY VINCENT

TO be chaperoned or not to be chaperoned—that is the question, and what is the answer?

In America no unqualified answer can be made. For years we made it a national boast that "The American girl can take care of herself anywhere." Then gaidously, first among the very wealthy but later among a much more representative class, the European custom of the chaperon crept in. And at present, in many localities, the presence of one or more elders wherever young persons of both sexes are together is considered absolutely indispensable. On the other hand, in communities every whit as self-respecting the boys and girls and their mothers too would laugh at the notion of a chaperon.

The wise way is to follow "the custom of the country," or rather of that section of the country in which you happen to live. The chaperon question is really a problem of manners, rather than of morals.

The Surprise Party.

"C. M." writes: "Is it proper for a young man of seventeen to give a present at a surprise party to a girl the same age, and if so, what?"

He should bring a gift if the other surprise guests do so, an' either flowers or candy would be appropriate.

"A. M." writes: "I am in love with a young man who took a scarf pin from me three months ago without my permission. He won't give it back. Is this a sign he loves me?"

It's a sign he's fond of teasing you.

"T. L." writes: "I am in love with a girl of nineteen, who is very nice to me. But when I asked her if she cared she said she didn't know what love was. What shall I do?"

Persevere in your attentions. They are evidently not unwelcome, and she is young.

Rival Suitors.

"M. Y." writes: "I care for two young men equally and am not in love with either. I do not wish to lose their friendship, yet they have already become bitter enemies to each other, making my position most uncomfortable. What shall I do?"

I advise you to tell them what you've told me and to beg them on your account to be sensible.

"S. C." writes: "I am fifteen and deeply in love with one of my teachers, who is ten years older than myself. But I do not think that he cares for me, as he pays me no special attention. What shall I do?"

Stop being a romantic, little goose, and study harder.